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Snowlight



134 4 12

Chapter 1 by David J

He ran. Behind him his feet left imprints in the fresh snow, clearly marking his passage. He didn't care. Right now, he needed distance. Once he was clear he would worry about covering his tracks, to be safe. For now, he ran, and ran hard, dodging trees and hurdling obstacles. His heart raced, and he knew he would not be able to hold this pace for much longer. He just needed to reach the creek. Once over, his pursuers would be unlikely to follow. They didn't like water, everyone knew. He only hoped they knew.

He risked a glance behind, but saw nothing. That did not make him feel any better. By the Light, they were fast. Faster than he ever thought. He wished he had kept his mouth shut, rather than boasting like he did. He would likely be killed for trying to impress some girls. He could almost laugh. Almost, if he wasn't running so damned hard.

The creek appeared in front of him. Three long jumps and he was across. He slowed, and turned. Hands on his hips, he took long deep breathes, eyes scanning the other side of the creek, trying to penetrate the gloom under the trees. Maybe he was safe. Maybe they didn't follow. No. There, a shape in trees.

Shit.

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Chapter 2 by Katie Hughes

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Vision blurred from exhaustion, he blinked. He was looking at his eyes. Staring hard at the shape, he realized it was a man. All of the exhaustion from his flight suddenly left him. They

had found him already, and there was nothing he could do.

Eyes darting from side to side, he tried desperately to find an escape route. There, to his left, was a break in the trees. He dashed towards it, not bothering to glance back to see if the figure had moved. Which was his downfall, really, for if he had checked he would have figured out that the figure had changed positions and was now right in front of him. There was no time to stop, and the whole force of his running crashed into the man. There was a cry and a soft 'fump' as they both fell into the snow.

Chapter 3 by Nate



The man quickly got up seconds before I could and brushed off the snow. "You are coming with me," the man said, in a very deep monotone voice. He had moderately long hair, and had a decent beard. But all his hair was white. An interesting white. It had a sort of glow. He was in ripped clothing. "Why?" I said, ripping my arm from his grasp. "Do you want to live?" I said nothing. He mumbled under his breath, "That's what I thought," and grabbed me by the arm, practically dragging me through the snow. "Don't ask where we are going," he said. It was like he had read my mind. "We are going to the outskirts." I retaliated. "What!? The outskirts!?! Are you crazy, we will burn out there!" He replied, "You mean mad and, we will not die if I said we are going there, which I did, I would know a way to survive, and there would be a reason." His answer made total sense; no flaws to it and ever so fluent. "Well what's the reason you ask, they don't know how to survive out there." Once again he stole the question from my mouth. We reached the end of the living lands, on we go through the outskirts.

We reached the outskirts. Hot as hell. But the snow here glowed a bright white. But now as bright as his hair. "What is your name?" I asked. "Call me Nathan, what is yours?" I replied "Max." He said "Nice name, you know what your name is, it means Greatest, in fact the name is as old as the Latin language. And you are the greatest chance to save every one in the living lands." I replied, "Why's that?"

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